

PRICE: ONE DOLLAR
ADULTS ONLY

Exotica

ISSUE No. 1

EXPOSED:

NUDE PHOTO RACKET

by Carlson Wade



• • •
EXCLUSIVE

JEAN
MacDONALD



EXOTICA proudly presents one of New York's most beautiful young models — Jean MacDonald.

These exclusive photographs were taken in Jean's own apartment by our staff photographer. (The poor guy hasn't been quite the same since!)

For the real low-down on Jean, see pages 23 thru 31.



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THE SECRET WORLD OF EROTIC SYMBOLISM

by Carlson Wade

Co-author of *Erotic Symbolism*, the best-selling book which is shocking the entire country!

The growing trend toward fetichism! Here are astonishing, amazing, unbelievable facts about the forbidden pleasures available in the secret world of erotic symbolism!

Erotic symbolism is the term used to describe an object which serves to stimulate the emotions. Such objects which arouse the libido may include leather shoes, silk stockings, hair, female dresses, female undergarments, ribbons, corsets, bloomers and a multitude of other inanimate objects. The individual who feels stimulated in the presence of such symbolic objects is regarded as a fetich-seeker or *fetichist*, a term devised by Dr. Alfred Binet, a pioneering psychoanalyst in the field of erotic symbolism.

William J. Fielding, M.D. in *Sex And The Love Life* points out, "True fetichism (or erotic symbolism) may be considered an erotic displacement in which the sex impulse is concentrated upon an object which has only indirectly an erotic significance. There is a fixation upon a symbol, instead of the normal reaction of sexual interest. It is said that many fetchists enter a business which gives them the maximum opportunity; thus, some becoming shoe salesmen to indulge in their fancies to the utmost."

SYMBOLISM IS NOT NEW

The attachment of an erotic emotion upon a symbol is not new. George W. Henry, M.D. in *All The Sexes* explains that in primitive societies (even as recent as this past year) the witch doctor or local shaman or magician would select various objects and declare these to have certain powers. Thus, a person suffering from headaches was told to wear a silken ribbon since its softness would draw off the pain. Likewise, a man who complained of weakened virility was told to wear a pair of patent leather shoes around his waist since the tough turgid nature of the leather would help impart much strength to his weakened libido. Says Dr. Henry, "In its original meaning the word 'fetich' was applied to an inanimate object which was supposed to have magical power to ward off injury or disease. In its sexual significance a fetich is an object which has become endowed with properties that arouse passion. A fetich is sought because it stimulates a passionate response, just as the person with whom it was



“Among the fetiches sought, women’s underwear and shoes are the most common.”



“... bound up in a corset or tight waist-nipper and rendered helpless”

associated might have if there had not been interference. The interference may have been the prohibition of a parent or a troubled conscience. The greater the feeling of guilt, the more distant is the fetish from its original sexual association." Dr. Henry adds that the fetishist derives some satisfaction by making love to this object when he cannot make direct love to the person who would ordinarily wear such an object. "Some fetishists are impelled to accumulate fetiches," explains the doctor. "Among the fetiches sought, women's underwear and shoes are the most common." The doctor explains that such fetish-objects actually can be quite successful in consummation of the act of eroticism.

SOME POPULAR SYMBOLS

Among the most popular symbols or fetish-items are shoes, boots, slippers, gloves, stockings,

garters, caps, aprons, handkerchiefs, ribbons, underwear of every description including brassieres, hair and even perspiration-drenched wearing apparel. Psychologist G. S. Hall in *Adolescence* (Vol. 1) sums it up by explaining, "There is almost no feature, article of dress, attitude, act, or even animal or perhaps object in nature, that may not have to some morbid soul, specialized erogenic and erethic power."



"As an example, a spiked heel of a shoe"



HOW FETICH SYMBOLS ARE USED FOR STIMULATION

The true fetichist will delight in making love to the object. For example, a shoe fetichist will thrill to the booted beauty; he will kiss the leather, become emotionally aroused.

Another example is the bloomer or panty fetichist. Here is an erotic symbol which can be quite aphrodisiacal in use. The fetichist delights in caressing the soft silky folds of the delicate bloomer. He holds the bloomer tenderly, and finds himself transported in a world of dizzying sensations. Often, a bloomer fetichist may even don such an item and in doing so it brings him as close as he can possibly imagine to his beloved. The bloomer is a symbol of the girl he loves. He cannot have the love of the girl so he uses the bloomer as a substitution—or as an erotic symbol.

“The fetichist delights in
paying homage to the boot . . .”

WHAT CAUSES SUCH A STRANGE BEHAVIOUR?

There are many causes for this form of behaviour. Many have their roots in childhood. Obviously, a person does not become a confirmed fetichist on a sudden impulse. A very young person may secretly admire another. Timidity prevents his speaking out. He contents himself with a keepsake of that person — a lock of her hair, a handkerchief, a missing slipper, a pair of wispy bloomers which remind him of that person. Who among us has not treasured such keepsakes from beloveds? The fetichist however, carries this emotion even further. He is unable to have gratification with the person so he contents himself with a symbol as a substitute.



(Cont'd on Page 48)



Ever feel you'd just like to skip town and get away from it all? Get away from the noise and the dirt and the crowds? Get out into the country where it's peaceful and quiet. . . . That's exactly what René Cheval did, last month, in a little grove just outside of Paris, France.

Not that René doesn't like Paris, where she works as a designer's model in a famous couturier's salon.

René loves her work, but a dress model sometimes gets pretty sick of putting on and taking off dresses all day. So, once in a while, she manages to sneak away to the country — all by herself.

When these pictures were taken, it was obvious that René didn't know our reporter was watching her.

Our reporter also found out a few more facts about lovely René. His report tells us that she's 5 ft. 6 in. tall, tips the scales at a svelte 125 pounds and measures 36-24-36. And, he adds, she has the most beautiful HANDS he'd ever seen. HANDS???



There's nothing else like communing with nature in the raw!



Mmmm . . . that cool breeze feels divine!

After a hard day at the salon, it's going to feel tres bien to get undressed!



Just as Reneé shed the last wisp of lingerie, she made an important discovery. No less than a perfect little gem of a lake! Reneé thought the lake looked inviting—we think she looks even more so!



We doubt if Reneé would have been quite so relaxed, if she had known that our photographer was hiding just behind the bushes.

Oh, oh! Our photographer made an accidental noise. He dropped his light meter — and now Reneé is getting a little suspicious.





The cameraman just managed to get this last lovely shot of Renée. It's obvious that she was really enjoying those cool afternoon breezes.

Naturally, when Renée discovered she was being watched, she was furious. "I am very uninhibited," she explained, "but I like to know when someone is taking my picture, so I can pose prettily." Our reporter assured her that she looked lovely, even in these candid shots. So, she put on her clothes in a hurry — just as ANY nice French girl would do!





THE BOWLEGGED LOLITA

by Kelsey Case

*Dreamers can be Fancy Dans;
but a man can't make like Mr.
Mitty in a musty motel.*

I winked through the windscreen of my speeding Jaguar, then let my eyes frolic along the length of svelte Sandra's magnificent thighs and up her torrid torso which tittupped enticingly. She was facing me and sitting astride the bonnet, a sun-drenched dream. Her unclad body glistened like satin in the glow of the lowering sun. With my idle hand, I fondled the warm, polished, leather upholstery of the empty bucket seat beside me, contemplating her perfect charms.

Waves of shoulder-length natural-platinum tresses, illuminated from within by an uncanny blue light, flowed back from her flawless forehead and sparkled like a tropic sea split by the prow of a racing corsair. Her eyes were the color of the blue cornflowers of the Rhine valley; her lips, like the petals of full-blown Belgian poppies; her arms, more exquisite than the carved ivory of some exotic idol-goddess, stretched toward me, entreating me to press my fevered cheek against her cool, proud, glorious breasts.

If you can visualize a nude beauty sitting backwards on the hot hood of

a fast-moving sports car—with her hair streaming out behind her, no less—you've got a mind like mine; and you've probably got your own sun-drenched dream—or spray kissed, or however you fancy such a phantom of delight. If you're one of those purists, though, you'll have her posed vicariously on the bow of your coursing sloop, in order to have the bit about the hair flow gee up technically.

So, we faced each other, Sandra and I, as the mighty Jag tore along the turnpike. Suddenly, right through her left breast, I saw a kid standing on the shoulder of the highway thumbing a ride.

Sandra vanished completely as I slacked off speed and debated about using the brakes. You see, this hitchhiker was a girl—but such a little girl!—not even five feet high.

The windshield wipers of my very-real, six-year-old Chevy sloped away the evening drizzle as I peered at this kid caught in the beam of my headlights. She was covered from the neck down by an oversized yellow slicker and her head was all but hidden by a hideous, dripping

felt hat. She was holding one of those cheap, tin suit-cases in one tiny hand and had the other thrust out of the cavernous cuff of her slicker, pitifully pleading for a lift.

For a few miles this kid just sat on the seat beside me, staring straight ahead and hugging her tin suitcase in her lap. What I ought to do, I kept telling myself, was to turn this running-away-from-home kid over to a cop just as soon as I could. On the other hand, kids don't usually run away from happy homes. I cheated on a mental flip of a coin and decided not to give her up, for a while anyhow, at least not until it looked as if the situation might be getting out of hand.

Like when you take a stray kitten in out of the rain, the first thing you think of doing is to give it a bowl of warm milk; so I pulled into a diner and ordered a couple of hamburgers. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw the kid douse her bun with ketchup and begin to munch away like mad, washing each mouthful down with hot coffee. It made me feel good just watching her.

She hadn't told me anything about

herself yet; maybe because I hadn't asked her any questions. It wasn't as if communication was utterly lacking, though. Something dynamic was getting across from her and it sure was raising hell with a part of me that I couldn't seem to control. She'd unbuttoned the top of her slicker so she could eat easier, and her body heat was drifting out, bringing with it a sexy perfume.

"Gonna drive all night?" she mumbled through the hamburger.

I was startled out of my reveries by the sound of her voice. It was low and husky like maybe she was starting to come down with a cold. No wonder, being out in all that rain and everything. Poor kid!—And yet there was something in her voice that matched her not-like-a-kid-at-all perfume.

"Well are yuh?" she persisted, picking up stray pieces of raw onion off her plate and popping them into her mouth.

Visions of taking this kid to a motel flashed through my muddled mind, followed by the arresting thought that I might have crossed a state line with her in the car. Maybe this guy who'd served us the hamburgers would be in on the shake-down? I gave him a wild glance. He didn't seem to be paying any particular attention to either of us.

The kid stopped chewing and was waiting for my answer. Her question? Heck, if she was scheming to get me to take her to a motel, then the trap would be sprung there. This guy in the diner would be only a witness before the fact. Come to think of it, I certainly hadn't crossed

a state line yet. Momentarily, at least, I was in no immediate danger.

I noticed a phone booth near one end of the counter and moved toward it. I could get a state trooper within a few minutes, I was sure. As I fumbled in my pocket for a dime, doubt welled up in my mind and was followed by pity and maybe something else too. I passed by the phone booth and went into the men's room.

Ever scam into a men's room and then be scared to come out of it? I sure was! I was afraid that this kid would still be out there; and I was even more scared that she wouldn't be.

A mile or so up the road, "Manny's Motel" spread its weebegone, empty wings beside the highway. King-sized maggots squirmed inside my guts as I registered "H. Hobart and Daughter." "Hobart" was too much like "Humbert", I thought after I'd written it; but this was no time to change my mind. I pretended to copy the correct license number of my car in the blank space which required it, comforting myself with the thought that it was probably too miserable a night outside for the man to go out and check the number with my car plates. After all, I had an honest face, even if I didn't have nerve enough to look at his.

"That'll be ten bucks." the man said, reaching for his pen which I'd absent-mindedly started to put in my pocket. "Take unit thirteen. Be out by ten a.m. Don't leave the water running or the light on. . . . And don't try to pack any souvenirs. It wouldn't take the troopers long to pick you up after I gave them the number

of the plates on your car; and I do mean the number that's on the plates."

Suddenly, I got so scared I could've jumped into my car and taken off down the road like a goosed gazelle—ten bucks be damned! I would've too, only the kid was standing in front of the driver's door and kept humping me with her fool tin suitcase. Ordinarily, I'm not superstitious but, under the circumstances, that number thirteen on the motel-room door bugged me more than a little bit. I shouldn't have accepted that unit. I shouldn't really be taking this strange kid into any unit in any motel anyhow! Worst of all, I shouldn't be wanting to! All these "shouldn't's" kept tugging at my half-masted tail feathers, but always too late for me to chicken out.

Me a Humbert? Well, hardly! I'd just give that kid a chance to get into the cot; then I'd take the double bed and try to get some sleep. In the morning, I'd get rid of her, but fast! Meanwhile, all I could do was keep calm and hope for the best. There was really nothing that could get me into any more trouble than I might be facing at the moment; nothing, that is, except my fool imagination which still insisted on creating crazy visions like my head was being tattooed all over on the inside with lewd pictures.

Something was happening to me that I didn't understand. In spite of everything, though, I knew that I was no Humbert. Nothing could ever make me one! I'd sleep in the car. That was the answer! I was still in control, I told myself. The kid would

probably drop off to sleep like the tired little angel she was. She'd never know the difference. I'd been altogether too harsh in my snap judgement of her and the whole business and had worked myself into an adolescent tizzy over a figment of my much too fertile imagination.

"Take the cot," I said, trying to sound fatherly. "I'll be back in after a while. I need a breath of fresh air."

I went outside and sat in my car. Sleep was out of the question. When I reached in my pocket for my cigarettes, I felt my car key under the pack. There was still time to get the hell out of there in a hurry. All I had to do was start the engine. Still, I'd better make as little noise about it as possible; just ease my way onto the highway without my lights on for as long as I dared. I'd call the troopers and tell them that the only way I could keep the kid from getting away was to put her in a motel. I wouldn't have to tell them who I was or anything. If they felt that they had to check up on me through my license number, my record was clean.

I shoved the key in the lock and looked up toward the motel office before I dared to start the engine. I couldn't see very far, though, because the big bulk of the motel man was blocking my view. He rapped his knuckle on the glass only inches away from my nose; then he made motions for me to roll down the window.

"Having trouble?" he asked.

"I uh," I stammered. "I was looking for some matches."

My fingers shook as I finally man-

aged to light a cigarette. Then I started to choke on the smoke something fierce.

"Sounds like you're catching the flu," the man said. "Here — take a pull on this."

He passed a half-empty bottle through the car window. Like I said, I get pushed into things in spite of myself. I took a swallow and felt the raw whiskey burn its way down my throat to the tight knot that was my stomach. I handed the bottle back. The man gurgled down a healthy slug.

"Better keep it, bud" he said, passing the bottle back to me. "You can have it for ten bucks. It's a miserable night. You couldn't get another bottle for twenty miles around. Just don't say where you got it."

I gave the man another ten dollars and sat there waiting for him to go away. He didn't. I took another drink and handed the bottle back to the man again. He took a second hog-sized swallow, pulled the car door open, and shoved the bottle into my lap; then he half-yanked me out of the car.

"Better get back in your room, bud!" he ordered. "That poor little tyke is most likely wondering what's happened to her daddy."

I made my way toward unit thirteen once more, thinking that I could get away later. I didn't have any plans beyond that; just to escape would be wonderful enough. At the door, I took another pull at the bottle for courage, then went inside.

"Daddy-O!" the kid cried, pirouetting in the middle of the room like a penguin with the pip. "How do

you like your little girl?"

Only she wasn't a kid after all — not by any stretch of the imagination. She was all of twenty-five; just sawed-off and chubby. In spite of her barnacle-sized breasts, she was plenty hefty in the hips. She was wearing a beat-up baby-doll nightie, like a sad cellophane sack over her blubber-loaded body. She tossed her curly, black hair about her clamshell ears and posed.

"Nice Daddy-O!" she cooed. Bringing baby a bottle. Baby needs a itty bitty drink."

I watched as she put the mouth of the bottle between her lopsided rosebud lips and held her head back until she had drained the last drop.

"Daddy-O's not gonna go heddy-bye all by his lonesome self, is he?" she pouted.

She bounced onto the bed and gave me a broadside of her buttocks; then she rolled over and began to beat at the air with professional bumps and grinds as she watched me start to undress. I was plenty surprised and shocked at the way my fingers flipped open my belt buckle — as if I hadn't already made up my mind not to do any such thing. All I can say is, that it must've been her perfume that gave me such a devil-may-care substitute for the good sense I was sure I still had.

I was wondering what to do with my wallet. I may have been balmy, but I'd read enough about these matters to know that there were two things a man didn't leave in his pants at a time like that and there wasn't too much danger of his losing the other. I should have locked

my wallet in my car. I sure should have! I felt conspicuous standing there with my pants half off and the wallet in my hand.

"Lollie wants some of that nice green stuff," she coaxed.

"How much?" I asked, shucking another sawbuck from its few remaining companions.

"Two of those, Daddy-O. Baby needs new shoes," she announced, writhing her butterball hips. "And," she added, as I wistfully pulled out another ten spot, "Five bucks for Manny, or no dice!"

I sighed as I watched her attach the three bills to the underside of her pillow with a safety pin as big as a padlock. There wasn't enough

left in my wallet, now, to worry about.

For once, my imagination got a rest. What this self-styled Lolita didn't think up to do, hasn't been done. The way she kept insisting on one encore after another, I began to wonder who should have paid whom.

When I crept out of the stink of unit thirteen the next morning at about nine-thirty, alone, I leaned back in my damp Chevy and chugged off down the foggy road as happy as if I had good sense—probably a lot happier. There was more than enough gas in the tank to take me back home and the old engine sounded fine. Soon, the exhaust took on a low throaty roar of power; the

sun began to beat down peacefully on the Jag's bonnet again.

"Well, Daddy-O!" Sandra mocked. "Feel better?"

"Uh huh," I replied.

"She was bowlegged," Sandra teased.

"So what?" I smiled.

"Forty-five bucks!" Sandra sneered. "I'll bet she wasn't worth two. You sucker!"

"Who asked you?" I wanted to know, arching one eyebrow at her in my best, mirror-practiced manner. "Keep your catty cracks to yourself, or I'll de-visualize you the hell off my hood—you beautiful, unattainable dream-bitch!"

THE END



Ohio's loss is Manhattan's gain. This well-stacked beauty is Miss Peggy Evans who arrived in New York just three short months ago to study dramatics. In the meantime, however, she is rapidly becoming one of the city's most successful figure models.



Debby Darrow is another busy New York model. Although only nineteen years old, she is already much in demand by some of the best photographers in the city. Debby is a gorgeous green-eyed brunette and measures 38-24-37.

MUGGING — THE CURSE OF THE CITY STREETS

by Betty Edwards

The violent scene taking place in the photo on the adjoining page was posed by models, but it COULD and DOES happen to hundreds of innocent and defenseless women in our nation's cities, nightly.

The average citizen reads about such tragedies, shrugs his shoulders, and passes it off with an "it couldn't happen to me . . . or to MY wife or MY girl" attitude. That was MY feeling, too, until it actually DID happen to my room-mate and best friend. She has asked me to change her name in this report, but all the facts are true. Both of us hope that, by telling this story, we may in some small way help prevent this from happening to some other equally helpless female.

Here is what "Marie" my room-mate told me today from her hospital bed:

"Betty, it was just too awful. I don't think I could talk about it to anyone else but you.

As you know, I had to work overtime last night. Then, I had a quiet supper with Joe, my steady. He wanted to take me home . . . Oh,

But, how I wish I had let him! But, it was early, only a little after eight o'clock, and Joe was so tired. I hated to make him come all the way to Jackson Heights with me.

So, I told him, 'Don't bother, Joe, Sweetie. The bus stop is only a few blocks from my building. You just go on home and get a good night's sleep.'

Joe lives in Brooklyn with his mother, you know. If he takes me all the way up to Jackson Heights, and then has to go home in the opposite direction . . . why, it'd be after midnight before he got to bed. So, this once, I just refused to let him knock himself out. I told him it was plain silly for him to worry about me. After all, I'm a grown woman and can take care of myself.

Ha! That's what I thought. Now I know better.

Well, everything was just fine in the beginning. It's a long bus ride, but I napped most of the way. Got off at my stop, and started home. At the time, I didn't pay much attention, but now I remember . . . there was this young fella sitting there on

a bench when I got off the bus.

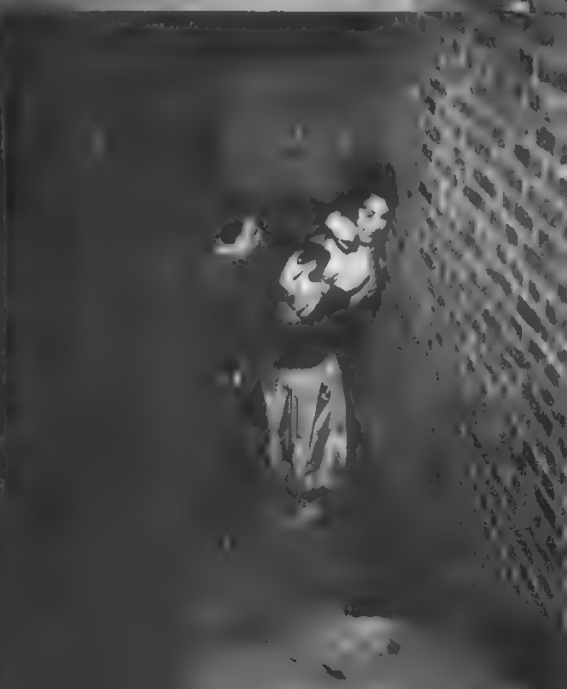
I'm not sure he was the same one who . . . who . . . attacked me later, but he might have been the one. I remember it was a quiet, cool night. There weren't many people out on the streets.

It wasn't until a couple of blocks later that I began to suspect he was following me. Even then I wasn't too worried. Lots of times, men have whistled at me or made remarks as I walked by. Not that I'm *that* pretty, but you know how men are.

Besides, the street lights and the store lights were on. I remember going by the neighborhood liquor store, and thinking I ought to stop and buy a bottle of wine to go with the spaghetti dinner I always cook for Joe on Saturday nights. Probably, if I had stopped, HE wouldn't have followed me any further. But, I decided to put it off until Saturday.

Then . . . then . . . I turned the corner. It was only a few doors from my building when . . . when . . . this man came up from behind me and pushed me down the steps of a dark





alley. I think it was the Service Entrance of an apartment building.

I managed to get away from him. He tore my coat off. But the basement door at the bottom of the steps was locked. There was no other exit. I guess I got panicky. Any way, when I tried to fight him off, he hit me on the jaw with his fist. That's the last thing I remember, Betty.

It was a good thing Joe called to find out if I got home all right. Otherwise it might have been hours before anyone found me. The policeman I talked to today said they found me unconscious, with . . . with . . . my clothes half ripped off, bruised and bleeding. God knows what that . . . that maniac did to me.

But, from what I've been able to get the doctors to tell me, it's just darn lucky that I'm still alive.

I hope a lot of people will read my story, Betty, and heed my warning: NEVER EVER walk down an unlit City street alone. And, if you even suspect that a stranger is following you, don't hesitate to call the Police."





"THEN CAN YOU IMAGIN' MY SUPRISE
WHEN HE ASK ME TO GO TO A NUDIST
COLONY WITH HIM?"



Old MacDonald had a farm, but you can bet he didn't find any chicks like this one rolling in his hay! The only chicks he had were the kind that grow into hens and lay eggs. The "chicks" EXOTICA magazine likes to feature, though, are much prettier than the farmyard variety.

Our lucky Roving Camera Man found this one. He just happened to be looking across the courtyard through his binoculars when the beautiful and smiling Jean MacDonald came into view. There she sat on her sunny terrace, all five feet five inches of her, as golden as a perfect autumn afternoon. No wonder our boy didn't waste any time in getting out his telescopic lens in hopes he could get some pictures of Jean.



It seems, as our lucky RCM tells it, poor little Jean was sitting there, all alone and OH so lonely. She was sipping a delicious concoction from a silver goblet and feeling so very blue, because she had no one to share it with. Now, no gentleman would let a lovely damsel suffer that way, would he? Least of all, our cameraman!

Then . . . Jean looked across the way and saw him. Being generous and considerate and sympathetic, she naturally recognized in him another lost and lonely soul. Sooo . . . she invited him over for a friendly chat.



Well, one thing led to another, and finally Jean asked him inside to listen to her new Hi-Fi. Already, our cameraman was beginning to realize that he and Jean had a lot in common.

As fate would have it, Jean put on his favorite record. Right away, he knew they were going to get along together famously.





After that, it must have been just plain LOVE, because it's difficult to decipher our reporter's notes after that point. But, as nearly as we can make out from his frantic doodles, they go something like this:

"Bust . . . 38-D . . . with freckles
(I counted them!)"

"Waist . . . less than
two hands span
. . . 22 inches!"



"Hair . . . long, blonde
. . . and very soft!"

"Hips? . . . round . . . and 35 inches."

(Editor's note: Our reporter is usually very careful to be accurate when he's taking a model's measurements, but in this case, we wouldn't want to vouch for the correctness of his facts.)



"Eyes? . . . ah, yes . . . brown. And lit up with a sexy come-hither look. I think she's deliberately trying to drive me crazy!"





"Lips? . . .

R
E
D
and . . .

I
N
V
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T
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N
G
!



The kind of lips that beg to be kissed. And, believe me, boss, they taste every bit as good as they look!"



But, we can't promise that he'll be lucky enough to find another model as exciting and as sensational as Jean MacDonald!

Oh well, we can always go
find another photographer!

NUDE PHOTO RACKET

by Carlson Wade

Exposed!



An Exclusive Report!

Each year, nearly 2000 girls are hoodwinked into believing that their picture in a magazine will assure them Hollywood fame. Each year, nearly \$7 million dollars is spent in purchasing millions upon millions of photos of girls in various stages of dress and undress. So startling is the growing business of figure photography that thousands of hobbyists in photography are turning professional to jump in the swim. The sad truth is that many well-meaning girls are taken advantage of by photographers who prey upon their desperate situations.

WHO ARE THE GIRLS?

The largest source of supply is in the big cities, especially New York and Los Angeles. Here, girls

flock by the thousands in the hopes of breaking into the field of motion pictures and television. They scan the theatrical newspapers and magazines which usually have casting lists and inform them of possible openings. But competition is rough and for one minor chorus opening there may be more than 700 applications! Such disappointments are common. The girl now seeks other means of earning a living and in these same theatrical papers she discovers bold-face ads which read: **MODELS WANTED. GOOD FIGURE. Or: BECOME A COVER GIRL AND EARN FAME AND FORTUNE.** Sometimes: **CHEESECAKE MODELS WANTED** which is as obvious as you can get but, at least, such an ad is honest and pulls no punches.

At Last! The startling truth about the nude photo racket. Here are the facts about the girls and their photographers — and the customers!



The desperate girl craves any form of publicity and she applies for a job as a model. She hopes against hope that if her photo is very widely circulated and appears in many magazines, a scout will discover her charms and offer her a contract. The sad truth is that scouts never read the cheesecake magazines since a curvaceous figure does not mean theatrical talent.

THE SPIDER STARTS HIS WEB

The photographer, those who really want nude photos, interviews each girl carefully. He explains that he needs photos for various types of magazines; he does not bother mentioning the type of magazine. "A flashy picture will attract a lot of attention," he points out. "You need publicity if you want to get ahead in show business." Then he suggests that they take a few sample shots to show around to his customers. The girl will be paid a fair rate — often, a girl who wants to make a lot of money will forget her inhibitions and become a shrewd businesswoman. She willingly poses for as many photos and photographers as she can and demands a high fee. If her photos sell well, she can ask for more money and over a period of several years can amass quite a small fortune: much more than she would have made in a so-called motion picture success which is more theory and hope than fact.

Now, the girl is at first willing. She agrees to pose in sun dresses. The photographer takes a few and says that her figure is more suitable for beachwear. She then dons a bathing suit and more pictures are taken in various poses. The photographer now has made a foothold. He suggests that if she wore a bikini, it would be an excellent shot for a big suntan lotion company. The modest girl, at first reluctant, will agree after some coaxing and promises that she, too,

can become another Brigitte Bardot, via the bikini.

The photographer hands her a prop — usually a very large hat which she holds before her in a half reclining, half seated position, beneath a very large beach umbrella. The floodlights highlight the smooth texture of her skin. She smiles. Her position is such that with the large hat as covering, it appears that she is rather naked, beneath! This is precisely the effect the photographer wishes to create. He takes various shots, much to his satisfaction.

GOING ALL THE WAY

This is but a start. All the way means a completely nude photo. An air brush will etch out the objectionable areas which ordinarily would be obscured by a bathing or beach suit. The photographer tells the girl he will call her when her services are again required. The girl is paid and she goes off, happily assuming her photos will grace the covers of many magazines. Several days later, she is called back again. The photos are suitable, she is told, but the customer wants some nice back shots. Obviously, he explains, she cannot use a beach hat to create an "outdoorsy" effect. It might be best if she just dispensed with any bikini.

If the girl is shocked, the photographer calmly explains that many top magazines feature beauty ads, exercise articles in which rear view shots of nudies are quite the vogue. And he goes further to rattle off some names of film stars who made it to the top, just as she can make it to the top, by posing for such photos. There is some coaxing and promising and she finally succumbs.

A girl fresh from a small town is rather embarrassed at first and frighteningly timid. Even a girl from a big city, supposedly one who has "been around" is shy at such exposure. But she gives in because she is tired of pounding the



pavement outside the theatrical offices where the "line forms to the right" and has no end. This may be the break she needs.

After several rear view shots, the girl is just a few steps away from "all the way." She soon agrees to the inevitable: posing in the nude with the assurance that the photos will be properly doctored so that she is spared any embarrassment. But whatever doctoring is done is to the photographer's satisfaction and decision, not to the girl's desires.

HOW THESE PICTURES ARE SOLD

Many such photos embellish expensively printed magazines which deal with "photography and art." Such magazines display the nude female in such dramatic poses that it is truly a breathtaking work of art, a sort of Rembrandt

on film! The more photogenic the girl, the higher the price is for her photos. Since the female form is often regarded as the epitome of objects for photography, there is no doubt that nudity is essential for a dramatic effect.

But many girls are duped into believing that their photos will appear in leading magazines. In fact, thousands of photos never appear in publication. They are sold, individually, in sets to customers who ask for them in book and magazine shops throughout the country. And, they are also sold via mail order. Many wise girls have hired photographers and had their pictures taken in various stages of undress — and these girls have advertised for buyers and sold such photos directly! This eliminates the middle-man and the girls keep most of the profit.

"WE'RE GOING TO MAKE A MOVIE"

The girl who wants to get ahead in show business literally lives for the day when someone will say, "We're going to make a movie." And, she is offered a part. She snaps it up with little thought as to the sort of film that will be made.

In the nude photo racket, small films are also sold. They usually run for 10 to 20 minutes each, sometimes longer. Some are black and white. Others feature vivid colors and are quite well done. The theme is rather simple: two girls preparing for a date, a girl about to take a bath, a burlesque or strip-tease theme, several girls going on a picnic, in the swim or any other theme which will enable the girl to reveal her intimate charms in various forms of dress and undress.

Some of these films show girls in nearly the altogether. Others have the girls wear tiny wispy underthings which are next to nothing and they may as well be nude.

The girl who is asked to play in such a movie is usually shocked! She never would permit such a thing. But after the initial shock has slightly worn off, she is told that these films are usually sold in many shops throughout the country. Careful emphasis is made upon the fact that many people in the motion picture industry pay particular attention to the girls performing (?) in such films and this is just the break she has been waiting for.

Of course, the girl is desperate. She has, in all likelihood, been posing for dozens of cheesecake stills and gotten nowhere closer to Hollywood than the corner streetcar! She makes a snappy decision and agrees to play in the movie.

Such films rarely have male performers. The viewers are more interested in feminine charms. Many a girl is further tempted into making such a film when told that she will be the sole performer. She is given star billing — there are no



other players! The girl then goes into her act — let us say — of preparing to take a bath! At the start of the film, the girl is fully dressed, going into a cozy bedroom. She sits on the bed, stretches for a moment and while yawning she thrusts forth her buxom bosom. This would bring howls from any audience.

The girl now leisurely removes her shoes, her stockings, revealing a pair of well-shaped legs; then she wiggles out of her dress and carefully shakes her curvaceous hips while she does so. She slowly, in a teasing manner, will wiggle out of the slip, then she walks toward the bathroom. There is some clever photography now because the girl unclasps her bra and finally removes her

lacy fringed black panties. The movements are suggestive and show as much nudity as is permissible. From a rear view, the girl certainly looks as nude as can be . . . and she is nude! She tests the temperature of the water with her toe tip. Each movement is suggestive. Each motion emphasizes her physical charms.

Finally, she immerses herself in the tub and again the clever photography gives bare glimpses of bare anatomy. And on this note, the film ends. Sometimes, it goes further to show leisure soap-ing of the legs and other body parts which are stimulating to watch.

Other films have similar themes but they all deal with the strip-tease and old-fashioned burlesque routines. They are still popular and always will be as long as men enjoy admiring the nude female figure.

THE AUDIENCE

Who are the people who like to look at nude photos and films? J. D. Mercer, noted researcher in his classic, *They Walk In Shadow*, gives an

interesting observation. "These are those people who derive some degree of sexual satisfaction through use of their eyes, that is, by proxy. There has not been much recognition of the undebatable fact that most people are like that. Openly or secretly, they enjoy seeing anything which they have been taught to believe is indecent. Musical comedy, burlesque and night clubs will never lack for an audience when sufficient expanses of female skin are exposed. The market for cheesecake is large and constantly growing. Mexico and Hollywood do an extensive business in the production of nude films, most intended for exhibition for tired business men whose abilities are mostly limited to imaginative fantasies!"

THE GROWING BUSINESS

Because more and more girls yearn to be in the theatre, the business of nude models is constantly growing in leaps and bounds. And, there are always more and more men who secretly delight in glowing over photos of near-naked lassies. The business is a thriving one!

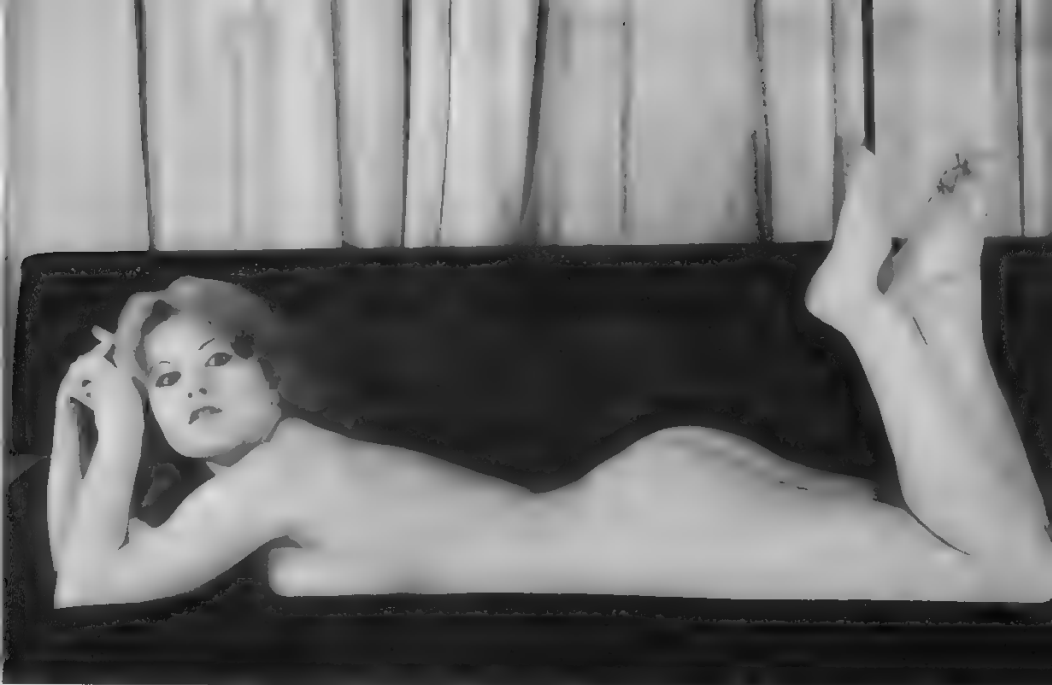
THE END



Ever get lost in one of those posh two-block long apartment houses on the fashionable East Side of New York City? All entrances look alike, but what's on the **INSIDE** can be very different!

One evening last week, our reporter stumbled into the wrong(?) doorway, but it turned out to be the right one, in our opinion! Because inside was the lovely young blonde, **LENORA WRIGHT**.





"Well, with the high rents we pay around here, you'd think a girl could have a little more privacy! After all!"



"I was just lying here taking a nap. Didn't expect anyone to come barging in here like this. No . . . I won't call the police. Matter of fact, I was feeling kind of lonely."



"You see, I haven't been in New York very long. Don't really know anyone here yet. I've heard the night clubs are wonderful, but actually, I haven't seen much of them. What? You're a reporter! As long as you're here, you might as well stay awhile."





"My name is Lenora Wright. I'm from Germany. You know, you're kinda cute yourself! Want a drink? How about a little German beer?"





"Now, tell me all about yourself. It must be just wonderful to be a reporter. Why, I'll bet you meet all kinds of celebrities."





"Ever since I was a little bitty girl, I always dreamed of having my name in lights. Can't you just see me up there on top of a theatre marquee?"



**MISS
EXOTICA
1962**





Pert young Marilyn Martin, with her adorable freckles and silky blonde hair, has a baby-doll quality that reminds one of the sweet girl next door.

"I wish men wouldn't react that way to me," Marilyn complains. "They treat me like a child, and actually, I'm almost twenty!"

Ah, youth! At present, Marilyn is a motion picture starlet in Hollywood. She's just 5'4" and measures a symmetrical 35"-23"-34".



Among the more outstanding causes for attraction toward erotic symbolism are these:

1. *Fear or inaccessibility.* The fetishist (whether in childhood or young adulthood) is afraid to approach his heart's desire. He fears punishment for expressing such feelings. He suppresses his emotions and shys away from physical contact. Or, his heart's desire is inaccessible. She may be in love with another; she may spurn him. She may be a famous theatrical personage and it is obvious he cannot obtain her. In such situations, a substitute such as a snipped lock of hair, a stolen pair of panties or a slipper must serve as a means of gratification.

2. *Symbols served to stimulate.* Since early childhood influences are very powerful, a symbol often becomes a means of stimulation. A boot, shoe or foot, a pair of delicate bloomers which produced electrifying emotions upon the sensual senses, a ribbon which had a delicate fragrance and fanned the erotic appetite—all these in childhood stamp an indelible emotion. They remain with the individual and are often so powerful that they displace normal desires and serve to substitute.

3. *Pleasure and pain.* Some of these symbols satisfy the impulse of sado-masochism. As an example, a spiked heel of a shoe, when pressed tightly, produces a pleasurable sensation of pain to the individual who has the seeds of sado-masochism and delights in such an emotion. Or, a tight corset when properly laced is similar to an imprisonment or "torture" chamber treatment. This offers quite an erotically symbolic form of sado-masochism.

PANTIES, BLOOMERS AND UNDERWEAR

These three items are very popular erotic symbols. We all associate them with the "thief" who

steals such items from backyard clotheslines. But there is a more popular form of gratification — namely that of the well-known panty raids. These are initiated by sex-starved college boys who raid sorority dormitories and seek out intimate items of feminine lingerie as a prize. While such raids may be traced to juvenile mischievousness, no doubt the real impetus was sparked by a fetish-impulse. Many such college boys are secretly fetishists and delight in stealing intimate garments and then becoming erotically aroused by such silky cloth.

A symbolic intimacy is achieved with panties or bloomers which may have decorative embellishments which only heighten the attraction. Small wonder that panty raids usually seek out the most lascivious and erotic bits of lingerie.

EROTIC SYMBOLISM OF FOOTWEAR

The foot is a symbol of power which has a tremendous attraction for the fetishist of sado-masochistic inclinations. The shoe which covers the foot becomes a weapon of powerful significance. Krafft-Ebing in *Psychopathia Sexualis* tells us: "It is highly probable and shown by a correct classification of the observed cases that the majority, and perhaps all of the cases of shoe-fetichism, rest upon a basis of more or less conscious masochistic desire for self-humiliation. . . . The majority or all may be looked upon as instances of latent masochism (the motive remaining unconscious) in which the female foot or shoe, as the masochist's fetish, has acquired an independent significance."

A. Moll in his 3rd edition of *Konträre Sexual-empfindung* further explains, "I regard Krafft-Ebing's deductions concerning the connection of foot-and-shoe fetishism to masochism as the most important progress that has been made in the theoretic study of sexual perversions. . . . In any case, the connection is very frequent."

The erotic symbolism of footwear therefore has an appeal to the masochistic impulse. The fetishist delights in paying homage to the boot, the shoe, the leather tongue, the heel which is a symbol of a dagger which threatens him. Such a fetishist is often reluctant to reveal such urges and must content himself only with a symbolic action: he will derive a symbolic substitution for the real thing. The fetishist who finds a partner who will cater to his urges will desire that he (the fetishist) be trampled upon. The foot or the shoe is symbolically regarded as a weapon of authority; the fetishist must then become humble and submissive which is precisely the condition his masochistic instinct craves. From such an understanding, we can see how the erotic symbolism of footwear and feet is so vital to such individuals.

CORSETS, GIRDLES AND FIGURE TRAINERS

Little has been written about the powerful attraction of corsets, girdles, figure trainers such as tight leather belts, waist-cinchers, form-fitting foundation garments. These serve as a means of symbolically arousing the emotions of sado-masochism. The fetishist who has sadistic impulses becomes aroused by lacing his partner in a tight corset from which there is no escape. The fetishist who has masochistic impulses becomes aroused when being laced into such a tight garment, secured and bound and imprisoned, so to speak. A tight bone-ribbed or steel-ribbed garment with leather laces can actually render the wearer completely helpless in a slave-like condition. This is the situation which has an erotic symbolical significance.

In *Erotic Symbolism*, the best selling book on the subject, authors Edward Podolsky, M.D. and Carlson Wade explain, "When laces of a tight corset bite into the flesh, it becomes symbolic of a whip upon the back and its wearer undergoes



the same sexually emotional experience. Thus it is seen that the masochistic individual (man or woman) must first be bound up in a corset or tight waist-nipper and rendered helpless in order to become stimulated. And the sadistic person (here again, either man or woman) must first bind the partner and then become master and leader of the situation in order to become erotically aroused. This is done through the means of tight lacing garments which are often worn throughout the intimate act."

SOME POPULAR SYMBOLS

In his book, *They Walk In Shadow*, noted J. D. Mercer calls attention to erotic symbols which are quite popular. "Erotic stimuli may take some very strange forms. It is not considered at all unnatural when a girl or a woman displays a sexual preference for a soldier or sailor in uniform. It is

not strange until it may be suspected that it is the uniform, not the man in it, that causes all the excitement. The uniform, in such cases, has become a symbol replacing actuality. But is there, actually, very much difference between such an instance and those men and women who prefer red hair to black, the blonde type rather than the brunette? The symbol is supposed to reveal something or other that might actually be attractive; some implied promise or expectation of a superior kind of sensuality, very likely. A great deal of our thinking is done with symbols, often with curious results that have no resemblance to corresponding reality.

"Many women, and a few men, understand the effects of decorative clothing. Cases are not uncommon, though, in which clothing may become a sole source of sexual excitement, perhaps due to some consciously unremembered association. What harm has been done if a man happens to admire a woman who wears black stockings or an accordion-pleated skirt? Sometimes, though, the emotions of the fetishist must concentrate on some particular aspect of clothing — a high heel or a handkerchief; possibly some more intimate article. Symbols, in every case, with the replacement complete."

NORMAL VS. ABNORMAL

When is erotic symbolism normal? When is it abnormal? Yes, a line is drawn. It was Freud who explained that when an object is used as part of pre-stimulation, it is considered quite normal. But if the object is used as an exclusive means of pleasure, when it serves as a substitute for the partner and omits that partner, then it is abnormal, or if without the freely-given consent of the partner. How can fetishism and erotic symbolism be blended in with a happy life? Let us heed the wise words of Frank S. Caprio, M.D., author of *Helping Yourself With Psychiatry*.

"There is no hard and fast line, no absolute norm, in sex activity. What is normal for one couple may be shocking to another. If a husband and wife are happily married, whatever they do to express physical love is normal. Deviations are abnormal and neurotic only when they are practiced to the exclusion of normal consummation. It is the purpose that determines the allowability in sex play.

"If variation banishes monotony, and rekindles a couple's warmth and enthusiasm, it is to be thoroughly recommended for them. Most intelligent people vary their love-making enough to keep it out of the humdrum but few go in for any extreme experiments in sex, any more than most people do in food."

THE END





Nina Rene is another fair product from sunny California. Tall and slender, she has the perfect body for both figure and fashion modelling.





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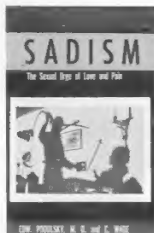
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